

FIVE
LOVE-LETTERS
FROM A
NUN
TO A
CAVALIER.

Done out of *French* into *English*,
BY
Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

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TO THE
Reader.

YOU are to take
this Translati-
on very Kind-
ly, for the Author
of it has ventur'd his
Reputation to Oblige
you : Ventur'd it
(I say) even in the
very Attempt of Co-
B 3 pying

To the Reader.

pying so Nice an
Original. It is, in
French, one of the
most Artificial Pieces
perhaps of the Kind,
that is any where Ex-
tant: Beside the Pe-
culiar Graces, and
Felicities of that Lan-
guage, in the Matter
of an *Amour*, which
cannot be adopted
into any other
Tongue without Ex-
tream Force, and Af-
fectation. There was
(it

To the Reader.

(it seems) an *Intrigue* of Love carry'd on betwixt a *French Officer*, and a *Nun* in *Portugal*. The *Cavalier* forsakes his *Mistress*, and Returns for *France*. The *Lady* expostulates the *Business* in five *Letters of Complaint*, which She sends after him; and those five *Letters* are here at your service. You will find in them the
B 4. Lively

To the Reader.

Lively Image of an
Extravagant, and an
Unfortunate Passion;
and that a Woman may
be *Flesh and Blood*, in a
Cloyster, as well as in
a Palace.

FIVE

FIVE

Portugaise
LETTERS

Turn'd into
ENGLISH.

The first Letter.

OH my Inconfid-
rate, Improvi-
dent, and most un-
fortunate Love? and those
Treacherous Hopes that
have betray'd both Thee,
B. 5. and

2 *The first Letter.*

and Me ! The Passion
that I design'd for the Bless-
ing of my Life, is become
the Torment of it : A Tor-
ment, answerable to the pro-
digious Cruelty of his Ab-
sence that causes it. Bless
me ! But must this Absence
last for ever ? An Absence
so Hellish, that Sorrow it
self wants words to ex-
press it ? Am I then never
to see those Eyes again ?
Those Eyes, that have so
often exchang'd Love with
Mine, to the Charming of
my very soul with Extacy,
and Delight ? Those Eyes
that were ten thousand
worlds to me, and all that

I

The first Letter. 3

I desir'd; the only comfortable Light of Mine, which, since I understood the Resolution of your Insupportable Departure, have Serv'd me only to weep withal, and to lament the sad Approach of my Inevitable fate. And yet in this Extremity I cannot, me-thinks, but have some Tenderness, even for the misfortunes that are of your Creating. My Life was vow'd to you the first time I saw you: and since you would not accept of it as a Present, I am Content to make it a Sacrifice. A
Thou-

4 *The first Letter.*

Thousand times a day I
send my Sighs to hunt
you out : And what Re-
turn for all my Passio-
nate Disquiets , but the
good Counsel of my Cross.
fortune ? that whispers
me at every turn ; Ah
wretched *Mariane* ! why
doft thou flatter , and
Consume thy self in the
vain pursuit of a Creature
never to be Recover'd ?
Hee's gone, hee's gone ;
Irrevocably gone ; h'as
past the Seas to fly thee.
Hee's now in *France* dis-
solv'd in pleasures ; and does
no more think of thee,
or of what thou suffer'st for
his

The first Letter. 5

his false sake, then if he
had never known any
such woman. But hold :
Y'ave more of Honour in
you then to do so ill a
thing ; and so have I, then
to believe it, especially
of a Person that I'm so
much concern'd to justify.
Forget me ? 'Tis Impos-
sible. My Case is bad
enough at best, without
the Aggravation of vain
suppositions. No, no :
The Care and Pains you
took to make me think
you lov'd me, and then
the Joyes that That Care
gave me, must never be
forgotten : And should I
love

6 *The first Letter.*

love you less this Moment, then when I lov'd you most, (in Confidence that you lov'd me so too) I were Ungrateful. 'Tis an Unnatural, and a strange thing, methinks, that the Remembrance of those blessed hours should be now so terrible to me; and that those delights that were so ravishing in the Enjoyment, should become so bitter in the Reflection. Your last Letter gave me such a Passion of the heart, as if it would have forc'd its way thorough my Breast, and follow'd you. It laid
me

The first Letter. 7

me three hours senseless :
I wish it had been *dead*; for
I had Then dy'd of Love.
But I reviv'd : and to
what End? only to die
again, and lose that Life
for you, which you your
self did not think worth
the saving. Beside that
there's no Rest for me,
while you're Away, any
where but in the grave.
This fit was follow'd with
other Ill Accidents which
I shall never be without
till I see you : In the mean
while, I bear them; and
without repining too, be-
cause they came from you.
But with your Leave: Is
this

8. *The first Letter.*

this the Recompence that
you intend me? Is this your
way of treating those that
love you? Tho' 'tis no
Matter; for (do what you
will) I am resolv'd to be
firm to you to my last
gasps; and never to see
the Eyes of any other
Mortal. Nay I dare as-
sure you that it will not
be the worse for you nei-
ther; if you never set your
heart upon any other
woman: for certainly a
Passion under the degree
of mine, will never con-
tent you. You may find
more Beauty perhaps else-
where; (tho' the time was
when

The first Letter. 9

when you found no fault with mine) but you shall never meet with so true a heart ; and all the rest is nothing.

Let me entreat you not to stuff your Letters with things Unprofitable, and Impertinent to our Affair : and you may save your self the trouble too of desiring me to T H I N K of you. Why 'tis Impossible for me to forget you : and I must not forget the hope you gave me neither of your Return, and of spending some part of your time here with us in *Portugal*. Alas ! and why not.

10 *The first Letter.*

not your whole Life rather? If I could but find any way to deliver my self from this unlucky Cloyster, I should hardly stand gaping here for the performance of your Promise: but in defiance of all opposition, put my self upon the March, Search you out, follow you, and love you throughout the whole world. It is not that I please my self with this Project as a thing feasible; or that I would so much as entertain any hope of Comfort; (tho' in the very delusion I might find
plea-

The first Letter. 11

pleasure) but as it is my
Lot to be miserable, I
will be only sensible of
that which is my Doom.
And yet after all this, I
cannot deny, but upon this
Opportunity of writing
to you which my Bro-
ther has given me, I was
surpriz'd with some faint
Glimmerings of Delight,
that yielded me a tempo-
rary Respite to the hor-
rour of my despair. Tell
me I conjure you; what
was it that made you so
solicitous to entangle me,
when you knew you were
to leave me? And why
so bloodily bent to make
me

12 *The first Letter.*

me Unhappy? why could you not let me alone at quiet in my Cloyster as you found me? Did I ever do you any Injury?

But I must ask your Pardon; for I lay nothing to your Charge. I am not in condition to meditate a Revenge: and I can only complain of the Rigour of my Perverse Fortune. When she has parted our Bodies, she has done her worst, and left us nothing more to fear: Our hearts are inseparable; for those whom Love has
United.

The first Letter. 13

United are never to be divided. As you tender my soul let me hear often from you. I have a Right me-thinks to the Knowledge, both of your Heart, and of your Fortune ; and to your Care to inform me of it too. But *what-ever you do, be sure to come ; and above all things in the world, to let me see you.*

Adieu. And yet I cannot quitt this Paper yet. Oh that I could but convey my self in the place on't ! Mad fool that I am, to talk at this rate of a thing that I my self know to be Impossible ! *Adieu.* For

I

14 *The first Letter.*

I can go no farther. *Adieu.*
Do but love me for ever,
and I care not what I en-
dure.

THE

THE
SECOND
Letter.

THere is so great
a difference be-
twixt the Love
I write, and That which
I feel, that if you measure
the One by the Other,
I have undone my self.
Oh how happy were I if
you could but judge of my
Passion

16 *The second Letter.*

Passion by the violence of your own ! But That I perceive is not to be the Rule betwixt you, and me. Give me leave however to tell you with an honest freedom, that tho' you cannot love me, you do very ill yet to treat me at this Barbarous Rate: It puts me out of my Wits to see my self forgotten ; and it is as little for your Credit perhaps, as it is for my Quiet. Or if I may not say that you are Unjust, it is yet the most Reasonable thing in the World to let me tell you that I am miserable.

The second Letter. 17

ble. I foresaw what it would come to, upon the very Instant of your Resolution to leave me. Weak Woman that I was! to expect, (after this) that you should have more Honour, and Integrity than other Men, because I had unquestionably deserv'd it from you, by a transcendent degree of Affection above the Love of other Women. No, no; Your Levity, and Aversion have over-rul'd your Gratitude, and Justice; you are my Enemy by Inclination: whereas only the Kind-
C nefs

18 *The second Letter.*

ness of your Disposition
can Oblige me. Nay
your Love it self, if it
were barely groundd up-
on my Loving of you,
could never make me
happy. But so far am I
even from that Pretence,
that in six Months I have
not receiv'd one sillable
from you ; Which I must
impute to the blind fond-
ness of my own Passion,
for I should otherwise
have foreseen that my
Comforts were to be but
Temporary, and my Love
Everlasting. For why
should I think that you
would ever content your
self

The second Letter. 19

self to spend your whole Life in *Portugal* ; and relinquish your Country, and your Fortune, only to think of me ? Alas ! my sorrows are Inconso-
lable, and the very Re-
membrance of my past Enjoyments makes up a great part of my present pain. But must all my hopes be blasted then, and fruitless ? Why may not I yet live to see you again within these Walls, and with all those Trans-
ports of Extacy, and Sa-
tisfaction, as heretofore ? But how I fool my self ! for I find now that the Passion

C 2 which

20 *The second Letter.*

which on my side, took up all the faculties of my Soul, and Body, was only excited on your part by some loose Pleasures, and that they were to live and die together. It should have been my Business even in the Nick of those Critical, and Blessed Minutes, to have Reason'd my self into the Moderation of so Charming, and deadly an Excess, and to have told my self before-hand, the fate which I now suffer. But my Thoughts were too much taken up with You to consider my self; So that

I

The second Letter. 21

I was not in Condition to attend the Care of my Repose, or to bethink my self of what might poison it, and disappoint me in the full Emprovement of the most Ardent Instances of your Affection. I was too much pleas'd with you, to think of parting with you, and yet you may remember that I have told you now and then by fits, that you would be the Ruin of me. But those Phancies were soon dispers'd; and I was glad to yield them up-too; and to give up my self to the Enchantment.

C 3

ments.

22 *The second Letter.*

ments of your false Oaths
and Protestations. I see
very well the Remedy of
all my Misfortunes, and
that I should quickly be
at Ease if I could leave
Loving you. But Alas !
That were a Remedy
worse then the disease.
No, no: I'll rather en-
dure any thing then for-
get you. Nor could I if I
would. 'Tis a thing that
did never so much as en-
ter into my Thought.
But is not your Condition
now the worse of the two ?
Is it not better to endure
what I now suffer, then
to enjoy Your faint satis-
factions

The second Letter. 23

factions among your French Mistresses ? I am so far from Envyng your Indifference, that I Pity it. I defie you to forget me absolutely : and I am deceiv'd if I have not taken such a Course with you, that you shall never be perfectly happy without me. Nay perhaps I am at this Instant the less miserable of the two ; in regard that I am the more employ'd. They have lately made me door-keeper here in this Convent. All the People that talk to me think me mad ; for I answer them I know

C 4 not

24 *The second Letter.*

not what ; And certainly the rest of the Convent must be as mad as I, they would never else have thought me Capable of any Trust. How do I envy the good Fortune of poor *Emanuel*, and *Francisco* ! Why cannot I be with you perpetually as they are ? tho' in your Liberty too ? I should follow you as Close without dispute, and serve you at least as faithfully ; for there is nothing in this World that I so much desire as to see you ; But however, let me entreat you to think of me ; and

I

The second Letter. 25

I shall Content my self
with a bare place in your
Memory. And yet I can-
not tell neither, whether
I should or no? for I
know very well that when
I saw you every day I
should hardly have satis-
fy'd my self within these
Bounds. But you have
taught me since, that
whatsoever you will have
me do, I must do. In
the *Interim*, I do not at
all repent of my Passion
for you; Nay, I am well
enough satisfi'd that you
have seduc'd me; and
your Absence it self tho'
never so rigorous, and per-
haps

C 5

haps

26 *The second Letter.*

haps Eternal, does not at all lessen the vigour of my Love: which I will avow to the Whole World, for I make no secret on't. I have done many things irregularly 'tis true; and against the Common Rules of good Manners: and not without taking some Glory in them neither, because they were done for your sake. My Honour, and Religion are brought only to serve the Turn of my Love, and to carry me on to my lives end, in the Passionate Continuance of the Affection I have begun. I do
not

The second Letter. 27

not write this, to draw a Letter from you ; wherefore never force your self for the Matter : for I will receive nothing at your hands ; no, not so much as any Mark of your Affection, unless it comes of its own accord, and in a Manner, whether you will or No. If it may give you any satisfaction, to save your self the trouble of Writing, it shall give me some likewise, to excuse the Unkindness of it ; for I am wonderfully enclin'd to pass over all your faults. A *French* Officer, that had the *Charity* this morning

28 *The second Letter.*

morning to hold me at least three hours in a discourse of you. tells me that *France* has made a Peace. If it be so; Why cannot you bestow a visit upon me, and take me away with you? But 'tis more then I deserve, and it must be as you please; for my Love does not at all depend upon your Manner of treating me. Since you went away I have not had one Minutes Health, nor any sort of Pleasure, but in the Accents of your Name, which I call upon a Thousand times a day. Some of my

The second Letter. 29

my Companions that understand the deplorable Ruin you have brought upon me, are so good as to entertain me many times concerning you. I keep as Close to my Chamber as is possible, which is the dearer to me even for the many Visits you have made me there. Your Picture I have perpetually before me, and I Love it more then my Hearts Blood, The very Counterfeit gives me some Comfort: But oh the Horrors too ! When I consider that the Original, for ought I know, is lost
for

30 *The second Letter.*

for ever. But why should it be possible, even to be possible, that I may never see you more? Have you forsaken me then for ever? It turns my Brain to think on't. Poor *Mariane*! But my Spirits fail me, and I shall scarce out-live this Letter ?--Mercy--Farewel, Farewel.

THE

THE
THIRD
Letter.

WHat shall become of me ?
Or what will you advise me to do ? How strangely am I disappointed in all my Expectations ! Where are the Letters from you ? the Long and Kind Letters that

32 *The third Letter.*

that I look'd for by every Post? To keep me alive in the hopes of Seeing you again; and in the Confidence of your Faith, and Justice; to settle me in some tolerable state of Repose, without being abandon'd to any insupportable Extream? I had once cast my Thoughts upon some Idle Projects of endeavouring my own Cure, in case I could but once assure my self that I was totally forgotten. The distance you were at; Certain Impulses of Devotion; the fear of utterly destroying the Remainder.

The third Letter. 33

der of my Imperfect health, by so many restless Nights, and Cares; the Improbability of your Return; The Coldness of your Passion, and the Formality of your last *Adieu's*; Your Weak, and frivolous pretences for your departure: These, with a thousand other Considerations, (of more weight, then profit) did all concur to encourage me in my design, if I should find it necessary; In fine; having only my single self to encounter I could not doubt of the success, nor could it enter

34 *The third Letter.*

ter into my Apprehension
what I feel at this day.
Alas ! how wretched is
my Condition, that am
not allow'd so much as to
divide the sorrows with
you, of which you your self
are the Cause ? You are
the Offender, and I am
to bear the Punishment
of your Crime. It strikes
me to the very heart, for
fear you, that are now so
Insensible of my Tor-
ments, were never much
affected with our mutual
delights. Yes, yes ; 'Tis
now a Clear Case, that
your whole Address to
me was onely an Artificial
disguise.

The third Letter. 35

disguise. You betray'd me as often as you told me, how over-joy'd you were that you had got me alone: and your Passions, and Transports were only the Effects of my own Importunities: Yours was a deliberate design to fool me; your business was to make a Conquest, not a friend; and to triumph over my Heart, without ever engaging or hazzarding your own. Are not you very unhappy now, and (at least) Ill-natur'd, if not ill-bred, only to make this wretched use of so Superlative a friendship?

36 *The third Letter.*

friendship? Who would have thought it possible that such a Love as mine, should not have made you happy? 'Tis for your sake alone if I am troubl'd for the Infinite delights that you have lost, and might as easily have enjoy'd, had you but thought them worth the while. Ah! if you did but understand them aright, you would find a great difference betwixt the Pleasure of Obliging me, and that of Abusing me; and betwixt the Charming Felicities of Loving violently, and of being so belov'd. I do
not

The third Letter. 37

not know either what I
am, or what I do, or
what I would be at. I
am torn to pieces by a
Thousand contrary Mo-
tions, and in a Condition
deplorable beyond Imagi-
nation. I love you to
death and so tenderly too,
that I dare hardly wish
your heart in the same
condition with mine. I
should destroy my self, or
die with Grief, could I
believe your nights and
Thoughts, as restless as
I find Mine; your Life as
Anxious and disturb'd;
your Eyes still flowing,
and all things and people
Odious

38 *The third Letter.*

Odious to you. Alas! I am hardly able to bear up under my own Misfortunes; how should I then Support the Weight of yours; which would be a Thousand times more grievous to me? And yet all this While I cannot bring my self to advise you, not to Think of me. And to deal freely with you, there is not any thing in *France* that you take pleasure in, or that comes near your heart, but I'm most furiously jealous of it. I do not know what 'tis I write for. Perhaps you'll pity me; but what good will

The third Letter. 39

will that pity do me?
I'll none on't. Oh how
I hate my self when I con-
sider what I have forfeited
to oblige you! I have
blasted my Reputation;
I have lost my Parents;
I have expos'd my self to
the Laws of my Country
against Persons of my
Profession; and finally,
to your Ingratitude, the
worst of my Misfortunes.
But why do I pretend to a
Remorse, when at this In-
stant, I should be glad with
all my Soul, if I had run ten
thousand greater hazzards
for your dear Sake? and
for the danger of my Life
and

40 *The third Letter,*

and Honour ; the very
thought on't is a kind of
doleful Pleasure to me,
and all's no more then
the delivery of what's
your own, and what
I hold most Pretious,
into your Disposition ;
And I do not know how
all these risques could have
been better Employ'd. Up-
on the whole matter, e-
very thing displeases me,
my Love, my Misfortune ;
and alas ! I cannot per-
swade my self that I am
well us'd even by You. And
yet I Live, (false as I am)
and take as much pains to
preserve my Life, as to lose
it.

The third Letter. 41

it. Why do I not die of shame then, and shew you the despair of my Heart, as well as of my Letters? If I had lov'd you so much as I have told you a thousand times I did, I had been in my Grave long e're this. But I have deluded you, and the Cause of Complaint is now on your side. Alas! why did you not tell me of it? Did I not see you go away? Am I not out of all hopes of ever seeing you again? And am I yet alive? I have betray'd you, and I beg your pardon. But do not grant it though; Treat

D

me

42 *The third Letter.*

me as severely as you will: Tell me that my Passion is Weak, and Irresolute. Make your self yet harder to be pleas'd. Write me word that you would have me die for you. Do it, I conjure you: and assist me in the Work of surmounting the Infirmary of my Sex; and that I may put an end to all my fruitless deliberations, by an effectual despair. A Tragical Conclusion would undoubtedly bring me often into your thoughts, and make my Memory dear to you. And who knows who

The third Letter. 43

how you might be Affect-
ted, with the Bravery of
so Glorious a death? A
death Incomparably to be
preferr'd before the Life
that you have left me.
Farewel then: and *I wish*
I had never seen the Eyes
of you. But my heart
Contradicts my Pen; for
I feel, in the very moment
that I write it, that I
would rather choose to
Love you in any state of
Misery, then agree to the
bare Supposition that I
had never Seen you.
Wherefore since you do
not think fit, to mend
my fortune, I shall cheer-

D 2

-full!

24 *The third Letter.*

fully submit to the worst
on't. *Adieu*; but first
promise me, that if I die
of grief, you will have
some Tenderness for my
Ashes : Or at least that
the Generosity of my
Passion shall put you out
of Love with all other
things. This Consolation
shall satisfy me, that if
you must never be mine,
I may be secur'd that you
shall never be Anothers.
You cannot be so inhu-
mane sure, as to make a
mean use of my most Af-
fectionate despairs, and
to recommend your self
to any other Woman, by
shewing

The third Letter. 45

shewing the Power you have had upon me. Once more, *Adieu*. My Letters are long, and I fear troublesome; but I hope you'll forgive them, and dispense with the fooleries of a Sot of your own making. *Adieu*. Methinks I run over and over too often with the story of my most deplorable Condition: Give me leave now to thank you from the Bottom of my heart for the Miseries you have brought upon me, and to detest the Tranquility I liv'd in before I knew you. My Passion is greater eve-

D 3

ry

46 *The third Letter.*

ry Moment than other.
Adieu. Oh what a World
of things have I to tell
you?

THE

THE
FOURTH
Letter.

YOur Lieutenant tells me that you were forc'd by foul Weather to put in upon the Coast of *Algarve*. I am afraid the Sea does not agree with you; and my Fears for your Misfortunes make me almost to forget my

D 4 own.

48. *The fourth Letter.*

own. Can you imagine your Lieutenant to be more concern'd in what befalls you, than I am? If not, How comes he to be so well inform'd, and not one syllable to me? If you could never find the means of writing to me since you went, I am very Unhappy? but I am more so, if you could have written, and would not. But what should a body expect from so much Ingratitude, and Injustice? And yet it would break my heart, if heaven should punish you upon any account of mine.

For

The fourth Letter. 49

For I had much rather gratifie my Kindness, than my Revenge. There can be nothing clearer, than that you neither Love me, nor Care what becomes of me; and yet am I so foolish, as to follow the Dictate of a blind, and besotted Passion, in opposition to the Counsels of a demonstrative Reason. This Coldness of yours, when you and I were first acquainted, would have sav'd me many a sorrowful Thought. But where's the Woman, that in my Place, would have done otherwise than

50 *The fourth Letter.*

I did? Who would ever have question'd the Truth of so pressing and Artificial an Importunity? We cannot easily bring our selves to suspect the Faith of those we Love. I know very well, that a slender Excuse will serve your Turn; and I'll be so kind as to save you even the Labour of that too, by telling you, that I can never consent to conclude you guilty, but in order to the infinite Pleasure I shall take to acquit you, in perswading my self that you are Innocent. It was the Assiduity

The fourth Letter. 51

duity of your Conversation that refin'd me; your
Passion that inflam'd me;
Your good humour that
Charm'd me; your Oaths,
and Vows that confirm'd
me; but 'twas my own
precipitate Inclination that
seduc'd me; and what's
the Issue of these fair, and
promising beginnings, but
Sighs, Tears, Disquiets,
nay, and the worst of
Deaths too, without ei-
ther Hope, or Remedy.
The Delights of my Love,
I must confess, have been
strangely surprizing; but
follow'd with Miseries
not to be express'd: (as
what

52 *The fourth Letter.*

whatever comes from you works upon me in Ex-treams.) If I had either obstinately oppos'd your Address ; or done any thing to put you out of humour, or make you jealous, with a design to draw you on: If I had gon any crafty, artificial ways to work with you ; or but so much as check'd my early, and my growing inclinations to comply with you, (tho' it would have been to no purpose at all) you might have had some Colour then to make use of your Power, and deal with me
ac-

The fourth Letter. 53

accordingly. But so far was I from opposing your Passion, that I prevented it; for I had a kindness for your Person, before you ever told me any thing of your Love; and you had no sooner declar'd it, but with all the joy imaginable I receiv'd it, and gave my self up wholly to that Inclination. You had at that time your Eyes in your Head, tho' I was Blind. Why would you let me go on then to make my self the Miserable Creature which now I am? Why would you train me
on

54 *The fourth Letter.*

on to all those Extravagances which to a person of your Indifference must needs have been very Importune? You knew well enough that you were not to be always in *Portugal* ; Why must I then be singl'd out from all the rest, to be made thus Unfortunate? In this Country without dispute you might have found out handsomer Women than my self, that would have serv'd your turn every jot as well, (to your course purpose) and that would have been true to you as far as they could have

The fourth Letter. 55

have seen you, without breaking their hearts for you, when you were gon; and such as you might have forsaken at last, without either Falseness, or Cruelty: Do you call this the Tenderneſs of a Lover, or the Persecution of a Tyrant? And 'tis but destroying of your own neither. You are just as easie, I find, to believe ill of me, as I have always been to think better of you then you have deserv'd. Had you but lov'd me half so well as I do you, you would never have parted with me upon

56 *The fourth Letter:*

on so easie Terms. I should have master'd greater Difficulties, and never have upbraided you with the Obligation neither. Your Reasons, 'tis true, were very feeble, but if they had been the strongest imaginable, it had been all one to me: for nothing but Death it self could ever have torn me from you. Your Return into *France* was nothing in the World but a Pretext of your own contriving. *There was a Vessel* (you said) *that was thither bound.* And why could not you let that Vessel

The fourth Letter. 57

fel take her Course? *Your Relations sent for you away.* You are no stranger sure to the Persecution, that for your sake, I have suffer'd from mine. *Your Honour* (forsooth) *engag'd you to forsake me.* Why did you not think of that scruple, when you deluded me to the loss of mine? *Well! but you must go back to serve your Prince.* His Majesty, I presume, would have excus'd you in that point? for I cannot learn that he has any need of your Service. But, Alas! I should have been too happy, if
you

58 *The fourth Letter.*

you and I might have liv'd, and died together. This only Comfort I have in the bitterness of our deadly separation, that I was never false to you ; and that for the whole World I would not have my Conscience tainted with so black a Crime. But can you then, that know the Integrity of my Soul, and the Tenderneſs that I have for you ; can you (I ſay) find in your heart to abandon me for ever, and expoſe me to the Terrors that attend my wretched Condition? Never ſo much as to think

of

The fourth Letter. 59

of me again, but only when you are to sacrifice me to a new Passion. My Love, you see, has distracted me; and yet I make no complaint at all of the violence of it: for I am so wonted to Persecutions, that I have discover'd a kind of pleasure in them, which I would not live without, and which I enjoy, while I love you, in the middle of a thousand afflictions. The most grievous part of my Calamity, is the hatred, and disgust that you have given me for all other things: My Friends, my Kindred,

60 *The fourth Letter.*

Kindred, the Convent it self is grown intollerable to me; and whatsoever I am oblig'd either to see, or to do, is become odious. I am grown so jealous of my Passion, that methinks all my Actions, and all my Duties ought to have some regard to you. Nay, every moment that is not employ'd upon your service, my Conscience checks me for it, either as misbestow'd, or cast away. My Heart is full of Love, and Hatred; and, Alas! what should I do without it? should I survive this restlessness

The fourth Letter. 61

lessness of thought, to lead a Life of more tranquillity, and ease, such an Emptiness, and such an Insensibility could never consist. Every Creature takes notice how strangely I am chang'd in my Humour, my Manners, and in my Person. My Mother takes me to task about it: One while she speaks me fair, and then she chides me, and asks me what I ail. I do not well know what answers I have made her; but I Phancy that I have told her all. The most severe, even of the Religious them-

62 *The fourth Letter.*

themselves, take pity of
me, and bear with my
Condition. The whole
World is touch'd with
my Misfortunes ; your
single self excepted, as
wholly unconcern'd : Ei-
ther you are not pleas'd
to write at all ; or else
your Letters are so cold ;
so stuff'd with Repeti-
tions ; the Paper not half
full, and your Constraint
so grossly disguis'd, that
one may see with half an
Eye the pain you are in
till they are over. *Dona*
Brites would not let me
be quiet the other day,
till she had got me out of
my

The fourth Letter. 63

my Chamber, on to the Balcon that looks (you know) toward *Mertola* : she did it to oblige me, and I follow'd her : But the very sight of the Place struck me with so terrible an Impression, that it set me a Crying the whole day after. Upon this, she took me back again, and I threw myself upon my Bed, where I pass'd a thousand Reflections upon the despairs of my Recovery. I am the worse I find for that which people do to relieve me ; and the Remedies they offer me, do
but

64 *The fourth Letter.*

but serve to aggravate
my Miseries. Many a
time have I seen you pass
by from this Balcon ;
(and the sight pleas'd me
but too well) and there
was I that fatal day, when
I first found my self strook
with this unhappy Passi-
on. Methought you
look'd as if you had a
mind to oblige me, even
before you knew me ;
and your Eye was more
upon me than the rest of
the Company. And when
you made a stop, I fool'd
my self to think that it
was meant to me too,
that I might take a fuller
view

The fourth Letter. 65

view of you, and see how every thing became you. Upon giving your Horse the spur (I remember) my heart was at my mouth for fear of an untoward leap you put him upon. In fine; I could not but secretly concern my self in all your Actions; and as you were no longer indifferent to me, so I took several things to my self also from you; and as done in my favour. I need not tell you the sequel of Matters (not that I care who knows it) nor would I willingly write the whole Story, lest I should make you

E thought

66 *The fourth Letter.*

thought more culpable (if possible) than in Effect (perhaps) you are. Beside that it might furnish your Vanity with subject of reproach, by shewing that all my Labours, and Endeavours to make sure of you, could not yet keep you from forsaking me. But what a Fool am I, in thinking to work more upon your Ingratitude, with Letters, and Invectives, than ever I could with my Infinite Love, and the Liberty that attended it ! No, no : I am too sure of my ill Fortune, and you are too unjust to make

The fourth Letter. 67

make me doubt of it; and
since I find my self de-
serted, what mischief is
there in Nature which I
am not to fear? But are
your Charms only to
work upon me? Why
may not other Women
look upon you with
my Eyes? I should be
well enough content per-
haps to find more of my
Sex (in some degree) of
my Opinion; and that
all the Ladyes of *France*
had an esteem for you,
provided that none of
them either doted upon
you, or pleas'd you:
This is a most ridicu-

E 2

lous,

68 *The fourth Letter.*

lous, and an impossible Proposition. But there's no danger (I may speak it upon sad Experience) of your troubling your head long with any one thing ; and you will forget me easily enough, without the help of being forc'd to't by a new Passion. So infinitely do I love you, that (since I am to lose you) I could e'en wish that you had had some fairer colour for't. It is true, that it would have made me more miserable ; but you should have had less to answer for then. You'll stay in
France

The fourth Letter. 69

France, I perceive, in perfect Freedom, and perhaps not much to your Satisfaction; The Incommodities of a long Voyage; some Punctilios of good Manners; and the fear of not returning Love for Love, may perchance keep you there. Oh, you may safely trust me in this Case: Let me but only see you now and then, and know that we are both of us in the same Country, it shall content me. But why do I flatter my self? Who knows but that the Rigour and Severity of some

E 3 other.

70 *The fourth Letter.*

other Woman may come to prevail upon you more than all my favours? Tho' I cannot believe you yet to be a Person that will be wrought upon by ill usage.

Before you come to engage in any powerful Passion, let me entreat you to bethink your self of the Excess of my Sorrows; the Uncertainty of my Purposes; the Distraction of my Thoughts; the Extravagance of my Letters; The Trusts I have repos'd in you; my Despairs, my Wishes, and my Jealousies. Alas! I
am

The fourth Letter. 71

am affraid that you are about to make your self unfortunate. Take warning, I beg of you, by my Example, and make some Use to your self of the Miseries that I endure for you. I remember you told me in Confidence, (and in great Earnest too) some five or six Months ago, that you had once a Passion for a *French* Lady. If she be any Obstacle to your Return, deal frankly with me, and put me out of my Pain. It will be a kind of Mercy to me, if the faint hope which yet sup-

E 4 ports.

72 *The fourth Letter.*

ports me, must never take effect, even to lose my Life, and that together. Pray'e send me her picture, and Some of her Letters, and write me all she says. I shall find Something there undoubtedly that will make me either better, or worse. In the Condition that I am, I cannot long continue; and any Change whatsoever must be to my Advantage. I should take it kindly if you would send me your Brothers, and your Sisters pictures too. Whatsoever is dear to you must be so to me; and I am a very faithful Servant
to

The fourth Letter. 73

to any thing that is related
to you: and it cannot be
otherwise: for you have
left me no power at all
to dispose of my self.
Sometimes me-thinks I
could submit even to at-
tend upon the Woman
that you Love. So Low
am I brought by your
Scorns, and ill Usage, that
I dare not so much as say
to my self, *Metbinks I*
might be allow'd to be jea-
lous, without displeasing
you. Nay, I chide my
self as the most mistaken
Creature in the World
to blame you: and I am
many times convinc'd

E 5 that

74 *The fourth Letter.*

that I ought not to importune you as I do, with those passages, and thoughts which you are pleas'd to disown.

The Officer that waits for this Letter grows a little impatient : I had once resolved to keep it clear from any possibility of giving you Offence. But it is broken out into Extravagances, and 'tis time to put an end to't. But Alas! I have not the heart to give it over. when I write to you, methinks I speak to you : and our Letters bring us nearer together. The first shall

The fourth Letter. 75

shall be neither So long
nor So troublesome. But
You may venture to open
it, and read it, upon
the assurance that I now
give you. I am not to
entertain you, I know,
with a Passion that dis-
pleases you, and you shall
hear no more on't. It
is now a year within a few
days, that I have deliver'd
my self wholly up to you,
without any Reserve. Your
Love I took to be both
Warm, and Sincere : And I
could never have thought
you would have been so
weary of my favours, as to
take a voyage of five hun-
dred.

76 *The fourth Letter.*

dred leagues ; and run the
Hazzards of Rocks, and Pi-
rates, only to avoid them.
This is a Treatment that
certainly I never deserv'd
at any mans hands. You
can call to mind my Shame
my Confusion, and my
Disorders. But you have
forgotten the Obligations
you had to Love me even
in despite of your Aver-
sion. The Officer calls
upon me now the fourth
time for my Letter. He
will go away without it,
he Says ; and presses me,
as if he were running away
from another Mistress.
Farewell. You had not
half

The fourth Letter. 77

half the difficulty to leave
me (tho' perhaps for
ever) which I have, only
to part with this Letter.
But, *Adieu.* There are
a thousand tender names
that I could call you now.
But I dare not deliver my
self up to the freedom of
Writing my thoughts.
You are a thousand times
dearer to me than my
Life, and a thousand
times more than I imagine
too. Never was any thing
So barbarous, and so
much belov'd. I must
needs tell you once again,
that *you do not write to me.*
But I am now going to
begin.

78. *The fourth Letter.*

begin afresh, and *the Officer will be gone.* Well, and what matters it? Let him go. 'Tis not so much for your sake that I write, as my own; for my Business is only to divert, and entertain my self: Beside that the very Length of this Letter will make you afraid on't: And you'l never read it thorough neither. What Have I done to draw all these Miseries upon me? And why should you of all others be the poisoner of my peace, and blast the Comfort of my Life? Why was I not born in
some

The fourth Letter. 79

some other Country ? forgive me, and farwell. See but to what a Miserable point I am reduc'd, when I dare not so much as intreat you to Love me. *Adieu.*

THE

THE
FIFTH
Letter.

YOU will find, I hope, by the different Ayre and stile of this Letter, from all my former, that I have chang'd my Thoughts too; and you are to take this for an Eternal farewell; for I am now at length perfectly

The fifth Letter. 81

perfectly convinc'd, that
since I have irrecoverably
lost your Love, I can no
longer justify my own.
Whatsoever I had of Yours
shall be sent you by the
first Opportunity: There
shall be no more writing
in the Case; No, not
so much as your Name
upon the Pacquett. *Dona*
Brites is a Person whom
I can trust as my own
soul, and whom I have
entrusted (as you know
very well) Unfortunate
Wretch that I am! in
Confidences of another
Quality betwixt you and
me. I have left it to her
Care

82 *The fifth Letter.*

Care to see your Picture
and your Bracelets di-
spatch'd away to you,
(those once beloved Pledg-
es of your Kindness)
and only in due time to
assure me that you have
receiv'd them. Would you
believe me now, if I should
swear to you, that with-
in these five days, I have
been at least fifty times
upon the very point of
Burning the One, and of
Tearing the other into
a Million of Pieces? But,
You have found me too
easy a fool, to think me
Capable of so Generous
an Indignation. If I
could

The fifth Letter. 83

could but vex you a little in the story of my Misfortunes ; it would be some sort of Abatement me-thinks to the Cruelty of them. Those Bawbles (I must confess, both to Your shame, and Mine) went nearer my heart than I am willing to tell you, and when it came to the Pinch of parting with them, I found it the hardest thing in the world to go thorough with it: So Mortal a Tenderneſs had I for any thing of Yours, even at that Inſtant when you your ſelf ſeem'd to be the moſt Indifferent

84 *The fifth Letter.*

different thing in Nature:
But there's no resisting the
force of Necessity and
Reason. This Resolu-
tion has cost me Many,
and Many a Tear; A
thousand, and a thousand
Agonies, and Distracti-
ons, more than you can
imagine; and more, Un-
doubtedly, than you shall
ever hear of from me.
Dona Brites (I say) has
them in Charge; upon
Condition, never to name
them to Me again? No,
not so much as to give me
a sight of them, though
I should beg for't upon
my Knees; but, in fine,
to

to hasten them away, without one Syllable to Me of their going.

If it had not been for this Trial to get the Mastery of my Passion, I should never have understood the force of it; and if I could have foreseen the pains and the hazzards of the Encounter, I am afraid that I should never have ventur'd upon the Attempt: for I am verily perswaded that I could much better have Supported your Ingratitude it self, though never so foul, and Odious, than the Deadly, Deadly Thought

86 *The fifth Letter.*

Thought of this Irrevocable Separation. And it is not your Person neither that is so dear to me, but the Dignity of My unalterable Affection. My soul is strangely divided; Your falleness makes me abhor you, and yet at the same time my Love, my Obstinate, and Invincible Love, will not consent to part with you. What a blessing were it to me now, if I were but endu'd with the Common Quality of other Women, and only Proud enough to despise you? Alas! Your Contempt

I

The fifth Letter. 87

I have born already: Nay, had it been your Hatred, or the most Raging Jealousie; All this, compar'd with your Indifference, had been a Mercy to me. By the Impertinent Professions, and the most Ridiculous Civilities of your Last Letter, I find that all mine are come to your hand; and that you have read them over too: but as unconcern'd as if you forsooth had no Interest at all in the Matter. So that I am, to lie thus at the Mercy of an Insensible, and Ungrateful Creature; and to be as much afflicted
now

88 *The fifth Letter.*

now at the Certainty of
the Arrival of those Pa-
pers, as I was before, for
fear of their Miscarriage?
What have I to do with
your telling me the
TRUTH OF THINGS?
Who desired to know it?
Or the *SINCERITY* you
talk of; a thing you never
practis'd toward me, but
to my Mischief. Why
could you not let me alone
in my Ignorance? Who
bad you Write? Miserable
Woman that I am! Me-
thinks after so much pains
taken already to delude
me to my Ruin, you
might have streyn'd one
point

The fifth Letter. - 89

point more, in this Ex-
tremity, to deceive me
to my Advantage, without
pretending to excuse your
self. 'Tis too late to tell
you that I have cast a-
way many a Tender
Thought upon the Worst
of men ; the Most Oblig'd,
and the most Unthankful.
Let it suffice that I know
you now as well as if I
were in the heart of you.
The only favour that I
have now to desire from
you, after so many done
for you, is This: (and
I hope you will not refuse
it me) Write no more to
me ; and remember that I
F have

90 *The fifth Letter.*

have conjur'd you never
to do it. Do all that is
Possible for you to do, (if
ever you had any Love for
me) to make me absolute-
ly forget you. For, Alas !
I dare not trust my self in
any sort of Correspond-
ence with you. The least
hint in the World of any
kind Reflection upon
the reading of this Letter
would perchance expose
me to a Relapse ; and then
the taking of me at my
Word, on the other side,
would most certainly
transport me into an Ex-
travagance of Choler, and
Despair. So that in my
Opinion

The fifth Letter. 91

Opinion it will be your best course not to meddle at all with Me, or my Affairs; for which way so ever you go to work, it must inevitably bring a great disorder upon both. I have no curiosity to know the success of this Letter: Methinks the sorrows you have brought upon me already, might abundantly content you (even if your Design were never so malicious) without disturbing me in my Preparations for my future peace. Do but leave me in my uncertainty, and I will not yet despair, in time, of arriving at

01

F 2

some

92 *The fifth Letter.*

some degree of Quiet. This I dare promise you, that I shall never hate you ; for I am too great an Enemy to violent Resolutions ever to go about it. Who knows but I may yet live to find a truer friend than I have lost ? But, Alas ! What signifies any mans Love to me, if I cannot Love him ? Why should his passion work more upon my heart, than mine could upon Yours ? I have found by sad Experience, that the first Motions of Love which we are more properly said to feel, than to Understand, are never

to

The fifth Letter. 93

to be forgotten : That our
souls are perpetually In-
tent upon the Idol which
we our selves have made :
That the first Wounds, and
the first Images are never
to be cur'd, or defac'd : That
all the Passions that pretend
to succour us, either by Di-
version, or Satisfaction,
are but so many vain Pro-
mises of bringing us to our
Wits again, which, if once
lost, are never to be re-
cover'd : And that all the
Pleasures that we pursue,
(many times without any
desire of finding them)
amount to no more, than
to convince us, that no-
F 3 thing

94 *The fifth Letter.*

thing is so dear to us as the Remembrance of our Sorrows. Why must you pitch upon Mee, for the subject of an Imperfect, and Tormenting Inclination; which I can neither Relinquish with Temper, nor Preserve with Honour? The dismal Consequences of an Impetuous Love, which is not Mutual? and why is it that by a Conspiracy of Blind Affection, and Inexorable fate, we are still condemn'd to Love where we are Despis'd, and to Hate where we are Belov'd?

But what if I could flat-
ter

The fifth Letter. 95

ter my self with the Hope of diverting my Miseries by any other Engagement? I am so sensible of my own Condition, that I should make a very great scruple of Using any other Mortal as you have treated me: and though I am not Conscious of any Obligation to spare you, yet if it were in my Power to take my revenge upon you, by changing you for any other, (a thing very Unlikely) I could never agree to the gratifying of my Passion that way.

I am now telling my self in your behalf, that it

F 4

is

is not reasonable to expect, that the simplicity of a Religious should confine the Inclinations of a Cavalier. And yet methinks, if a body might be allow'd to reason upon the Actions of Love, a man should rather fix upon a Mistress in a Convent than any where else. For they have nothing there to hinder them from being perpetually Intent upon their passion: Whereas in the World, there are a thousand fooleries, and Amusements, that either take up their Thoughts intirely, or at least divert them.

And

The fifth Letter. 97

And what Pleasure is it
(or rather how great a
Torment, if a body be not
Stupid) for a man to see
the woman that he loves,
in a Continual Hurry of
Delights; taken up with
Ceremony, and Visits; no
discourses but of Balls,
Dresses, Walks, &c. Which
must needs expose him
every hour to fresh jealous-
ies? Who can secure him-
self that Women are not
better Satisfied with these
Entertainments than they
ought to be? even to the
Disgusting of their own
Husbands? How can any
man pretend to Love, who

F 5

without

98. *The fifth Letter.*

without examining Particulars, contentedly believes what's told him, and looks upon his Mistress under all these Circumstances with Confidence, and Quiet? It is not that I am now Arguing my self into a Title to your Kindness, for this is not a way to do my business: especially after the Tryal of a much more probable Method, and to as little purpose. No, no, I know my Destiny, too Well, and there's no struggling with it. My Whole Life is to be miserable. It was so, when I saw you every day; When
we

The fifth Letter. 99

we were together, for fear of your Infidelity ; and at a distance, because I could not endure you out of my sight : My heart ak'd every time you came into the Convent ; and my very life was at stake when you were in the Army : It put me out of all Patience to consider that neither my Person, nor Condition were Worthy of you : I was afraid that your pretensions to me might turn to your Damage : I could not love you enough me-thought : I liv'd in dayly Apprehension of some Mischief or other from my Parents :

So

100 *The fifth Letter.*

So that upon the Whole
 Matter, my Case was not
 much better at that time
 than it is at present. Nay
 had you but given me the
 least Proof of your Affection
 since you left *Portugal*,
 I should most certainly
 have made my Escape, and
 follow'd you in a disguise.
 And what would have be-
 come of me then, after the
 loss of my honour, and
 my friends, to see my self
 abandon'd in *France*?
 What a Confusion should
 I have been in? What a
 plunge should I have been
 at? What an Infamy should
 I have brought upon my
 family,

The fifth Letter. 101

family, which I do assure you, since I left loving of you, is very dear to me. Take Notice I Pray'e, that in Cold thoughts I am very Sensible that I might have been much more Miserable than I am; and that once in my Life I have talk'd Reason to you? but whether my Moderation pleases you, or not; and what Opinion soever you entertain of me, I beseech you keep it to your self. I have desired you already, and I do now re-conjure you, never to Write to me again.

Methinks you should
sometimes

102 *The fifth Letter.*

sometimes reflect upon the Injuries you have done me; and upon your Ingratitude to the most Generous Obligations in Nature. I have lov'd you to the degree of Madness; and to the Contempt of all other things, and Mortals. You have not dealt with me like a man of honour. Nothing but a Natural Aversion could have kept you even from adoring me. Never was any Woman bewitch'd upon So easy terms. What did you ever do that might entitle you to my favour? What did you ever Lose, or but so

so much as hazzard for my Sake? Have you not entertain'd your self with a thousand other delights? No, not so much as a Sett at Tennis, or a Hunting-Match, that you would ever forbear upon any Account of Mine. Were you not still the first that went to the Army, and the last that came back again? Were you ever the more Careful of your Person there, because I begg'd it of you, as the greatest Blessing of my Soul? Did you ever so much as offer at the Establishment of your fortune in *Portugal*?

A

104 *The fifth Letter.*

A place where you were
so much esteem'd. But
one single Letter of your
Brothers hurry'd you a-
way, without so much as
a moments time to consi-
der of it: and I am certain-
ly inform'd too, that you
were never in better hu-
mour in your Whole Life,
than upon that Voyage.
You your self cannot deny,
but that I have reason to
hate you above all men
Living; and yet, in ef-
fect, I may thank my Self;
for I have drawn all these
Calamaties upon my own
head. I dealt too openly,
and plainly with you at
first:

first: I gave you my heart too soon. It is not Love alone that begets Love; there must be Skill, and Address; for it is Artifice, and not Passion, that creates Affection. Your first design was to make me Love you, and there was not any thing in the World which you would not then have done, to compass that End: Nay rather than fail, I am persuaded you would have lov'd Me too, if you had judg'd it necessary. But you found out easier ways to do your Business, and so thought it better to let
the

the Love alone. Perfidious Man! Can you ever think to carry off this affront, without being call'd to an Accompt for't? If ever you set foot in *Portugal* again; I do declare it to you, that I'll deliver you up to the Revenge of my Parents. It is a long time that I have now liv'd in a kind of Licentious Idolatry, And the Conscience of it strikes me with horreur, and an Insupportable Remorse; I am Confounded with the Shame of What I have done for your Sake; and I have no longer (alas!) the Passion that kept the
foulness

The fifth Letter. 107

foulness of it from my Sight. Shall this tormented heart of Mine never find ease? Ah barbarous Man! When shall I see the End of this Oppression? And yet after all this I cannot find in my heart to wish you any Sort of harm; Nay in my Conscience I could be yet well enough content to see you happy: which as the Case stands, is utterly Impossible.

Within a While, you may yet perhaps receive another Letter from me, to shew you that I have outliv'd all your Outrages,
and

108 *The fifth Letter.*

and Philosophiz'd my self
into a state of Repose. Oh
what a Pleasure will it be
to me, when I shall be
able to tell you of your
Ingratitude, and Treache-
ries, without being any
longer concern'd at them
my Self! When I shall be
able to discourse of you
with Scorn; When I shall
have forgotten all my
Griefs, and pleasures, and
not so much as think of
your self, but when I have
a mind to't.

That you have had the
better of me, 'tis true; for I
have lov'd you to the very
Loss of my Reason: But
it

it is no less true that you have not much cause to be proud on't. Alas I was young, and Credulous : Cloyster'd up from a Child ; and only Wonted to a rude, and disagreeable sort of People. I never knew what belong'd to fine Words, and Flatteries, till (most unfortunately) I came acquainted with you : And all the Charms, and Beauties you so often told me of, I only look'd upon as the Obliging Mistakes of your Civility, and Bounty. You had a good Character in the World ; I heard every body Speak
well

110 *The fifth Letter.*

well of you: and to all this, you made it your Business to engage me; but you have now (I thank you for't) brought me to myself again, and not without great need of your Assistance. Your two last Letters I am resolv'd to keep and to read them over oftner than ever I did any of the former, for fear of a Relapse. You may well afford them, I am sure, at the Price that they have cost me. Oh how happy might I have been, if you would but have given me Leave to Love you for ever: I know very well that betwixt my
Indig-

The fifth Letter. III

Indignation, and your Infidelity, my present thoughts are in great Disorder. But remember what I tell you: I am not yet out of hope of a more peaceable Condition, which I will either Compass, or take some other Course with my self; which I presume, you will be well enough content to hear of. But I will never have any thing more to do with you. I am a fool for saying the Same things over, and over again so often. I must leave you, and not so much as think of you. Now do I begin to Phansie that I shall not write to you again for
all

112 *The fifth Letter.*

all This; for what Necessity
is there that I must be tel-
ling of you at every turn
how my Pulse beats?

THE END.
